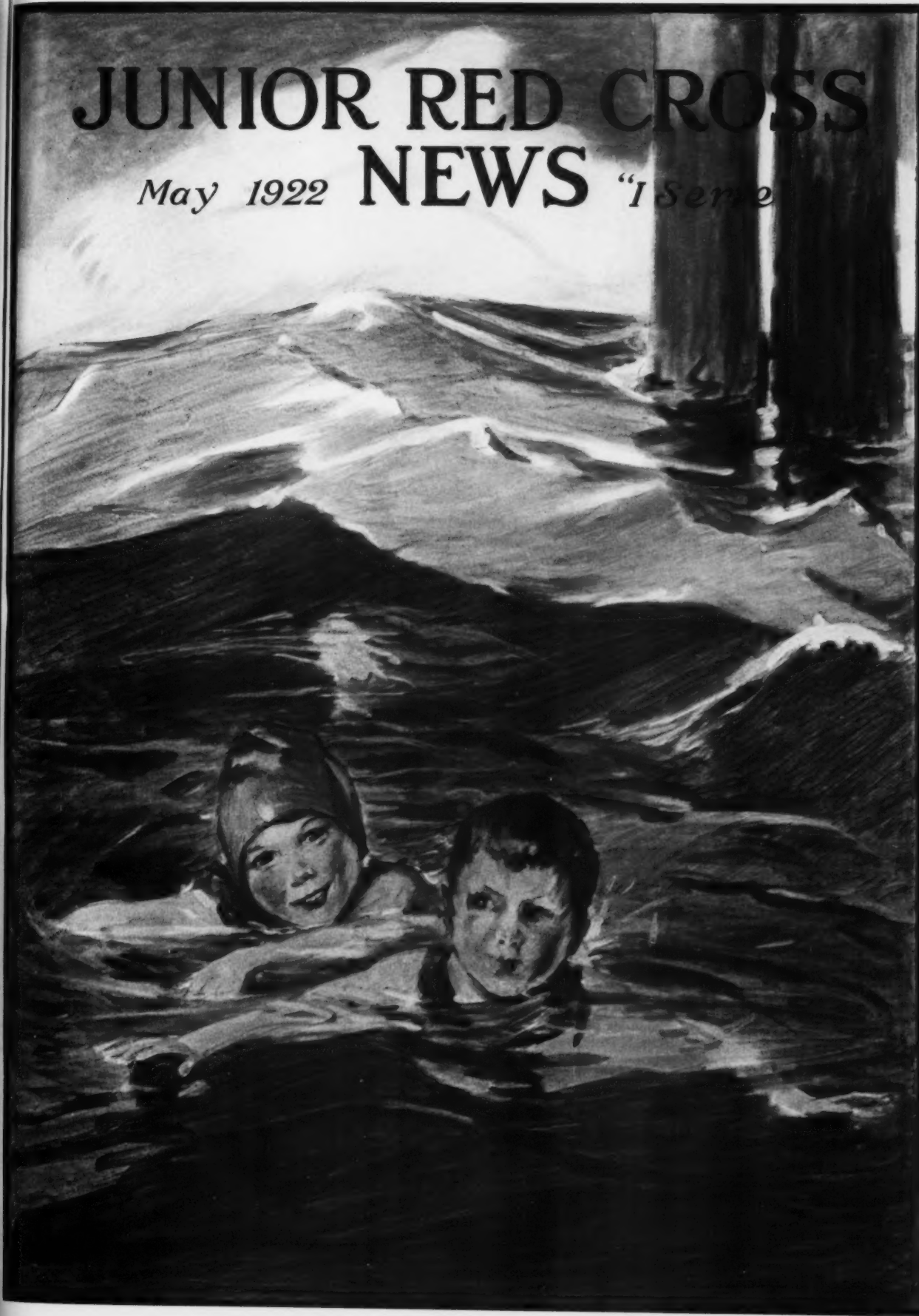


# JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

May 1922

"I Serve"





*Trailing arbutus* has bronze-green leaves and white and pinkish blossoms



*Trout lily*: yellow flowers, often with purple stripe on the back



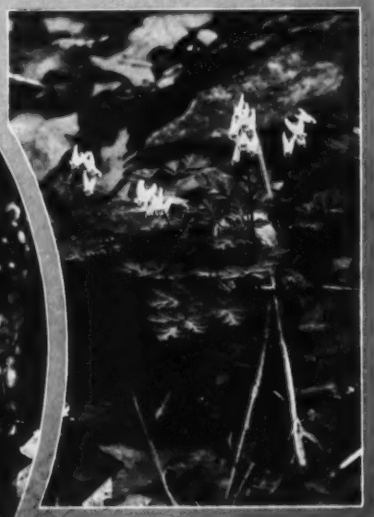
*Hepatica* grows in tufts in the open, and has dainty blue blossoms



*Wild lupine*, blue on stately stalks, is a beautifier of woods



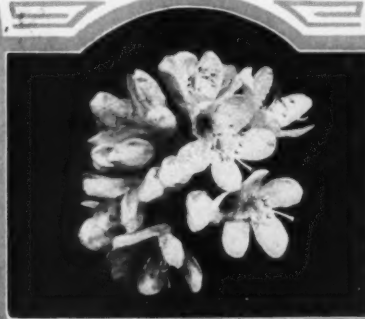
*Dogwood* has white leafy bracts and wilts very soon after cutting



*Dutchman's breeches*: white with purplish tips to the spurs



*Crested iris*, or *wild flags*; blossoms are blue. Is rapidly becoming very rare



*Rhododendron*: white to rose-colored flowers with orange spots



*Twin-leaf* is a perennial with white, tulip-like blossoms and long stems

# PROTECT THESE WILD FLOWERS

*Hast thou named all the birds  
without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose and left  
it on its stalk?*

—Emerson.

By Ethel Blair Jordan

IN THE far-off times news was carried over land and sea by messengers. When the messenger brought good news he was rewarded; but often one who brought bad news was killed.

If this seems (and is) cruel and unjust, what could be said for a king who killed the bringer of good news? Yet many kind and intelligent people are doing this every spring. For after the long dark winter, messengers come stealing into the bleak woods to announce that spring is on the way. A heap of dead leaves suddenly sends out a breath of delicious perfume, through the brown flashes a gleam of white; trailing arbutus, braving chill wind and late frosts, has come to announce that summer is on the way. And what is its reward? Why, crowds of "nature-lovers" rush to the woods, tear up the brave little flowers and take them away! And because they not only pick the flowering stems but carelessly pull out the long creeping stem from which new buds grow, this "sweetest flower that grows" is rapidly being exterminated.

How bare the spring woods would be without that gallant, white-plumed herald, the dogwood! To come unexpectedly on a blooming dogwood tree, with its elfin grace of form and line, its radiant sweep of white-starred branches against the dark forest, is to glimpse a lovely fairy thing. Covetous people cannot enjoy all this without wanting to lay hands on it. So they tear down great armfuls of the delicate blossoms. But when they get home their treasure has vanished like fairy gold, and instead of beautiful flowers they have only branches with a few faded, crumpled blooms. The woods have been robbed of beauty, the home is not benefited, and usually the parent trees are ruined because the people have not bothered to take a knife and carefully cut the flowering branches where they join the limb. Instead, the branches have been torn and stripped away, leaving great wounds where the dreaded fungus enters and blights the tree. So with the redbud, too, the pretty little trees that are found near dogwood, and so with all flowering branches.

There is a silent, melancholy exodus all over our country; up from the dales, down from the hills the flowers are going. From the northeastern states



*Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches from a pulpit striped with green and brown. His sermon is: "Protect the rare wild flowers of which I am one"*

come white and yellow dogtooth violets, toothwort, crested iris, lupine, Dutchman's breeches, purple trillium, sweet bay, hepatica, twin leaf, Jack-in-the-pulpit, bluebell, blue flag, phlox, and beard tongue. In the procession march ground-pine and holly, maidenhair fern and that odd plant called the "walking-fern," which, as soon as it is grown, bows to the ground, becoming the root of the next fern.

From the South come Venus' flytrap, turkey beard, swamp pink, rhododendron, and mountain laurel. California sends the torton berry; the Middle West, anemone; from the Rocky Mountain region wild columbine, white crocus, mariposa lily, coral root, larkspur, and the scarlet snowplant. From every state wild lilies come, and pitcher plants, and all the beautiful orchids—pink or yellow ladies' slippers, while ladies' tresses, purplish orchis, and yellow and purple orchis. Every year more flowers swell the ranks of the outgoing.

But they can be saved! If these plants must be gathered, remember a few rules: always cut them; don't pull up their roots; pick them sparingly and never within twenty-five miles of any large town. Better still, it would be, not to pick at all these flowers that are becoming rare in our country.

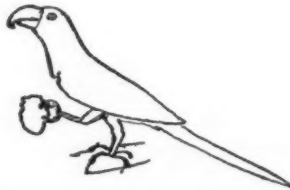
There are so many delightful flower-friends that can be safely gathered. They dance before the mind's eye like a sparkling fairy throng: bluets, chicory, buttercups and daisies, evening primrose, everlasting, fireweed, and goldenrod; jo-pye weed and morning glories, mustard and Queen Anne's lace, speedwell, St. John's wort, stonecrop, and wild sunflowers; black-eyed Susan, wild vetches, blue violet, yarrow, and wild aster, bloom from Maine to Mississippi. The South presents blue-white beggar-weeds, yellow coffee weeds, and bush clover. Texas has fields of radiant hawthorne; in the West cone flower and lupines flourish, and California is gay with poppies.

Albert A. Hensen, of the Wild Flower Preservation Society, says:

"Each generation has inherited a bountiful gift which should be accepted in guardian spirit. We are the trustees of the world's resources, and as trustees we should spend wisely and should not squander or waste; much less should we rob posterity of the blessings which we now enjoy."



# BIRDS ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE



*Some of the birds seen on the White House grounds by Theodore Roosevelt when President, and sketched by him for his children\**

A SMALL BOY in kilts laboriously traced in tall bold letters on the first page of a brand new notebook the words: "Natural History on Insects." On the next line, with still more of a flourish, he wrote, "By Theodore Roosevelt." It looked so well that the boy was encouraged to write one on ants, spiders, ladybugs, fireflies, horned "beetles," dragon flies, "misqueto" hawks, and even fishes; adding a "P. S." to explain that the author's home was in North Amer-i-ca- and that his age was nine years. The introduction states: "All of the insects that I write about in this book inhabit North America. Now and then a friend has told me something about them but mostly I have gained their habits from observation."

The Roosevelts spent one year in Egypt, during which time young Theodore might have been seen every day riding forth on a donkey, eagerly jotting down notes on the birds he saw, and collecting specimens for the museum at home. His brother Elliott, who shared the room of the young naturalist on this trip, complained bitterly of the bottles, skins, and other ill-smelling things with which the room was littered. Other members of the family on different occasions arose to remonstrate when snakes were found in the water pitchers and deceased mice were discovered reposing in the refrigerator, but nothing could swerve young Theodore from his "ofservations." We find him as a college student compiling a list of birds he had seen in the Adirondacks and as the leader of the famous Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War writing to his children about "ground-doves no bigger than the sparrows, and the cuckoos almost as large as crows and the beautiful red cardinal birds and tanagers that flit about in the woods." As President of the United States he was often to be seen about the White House lawn gazing intently up into the tree-tops. There is a rumor in newspaper circles that a Cabinet meeting was once broken up by the song of a Cape May warbler. However true that is, we do know that amid the multitude of duties that surround a Presi-

dent, Colonel Roosevelt noted the birds he saw on the White House grounds. It is so interesting that we are going to give you the list just as he wrote it for a Washington friend, Mrs. L. W. Maynard:

"Sparrow hawk, a pair spent the last two winters on and around the White House grounds, feeding on the sparrows—largely, thank Heaven, on English sparrows; screech owl, steady resident on White House grounds; saw-whet owl, a pair spent several weeks by the south portico of the White House in June, 1905; yellow-billed cuckoo; downy-woodpecker; sapsucker; red-headed woodpecker, nests (one pair) on White House grounds; flicker, nests (several pair) on White House grounds; crow; fish crow; orchard oriole, one pair nested in White House grounds; Baltimore oriole; purple finch; thistle bird (goldfinch); whitethroat, sings, this year sang now and then all through the winter; tree sparrow; chippie (chipping sparrow), nests; fox sparrow; cardinal; indigo-bird, nests; barn swallow; cedar bird; red-eyed vireo, nests; warbling vireo, nests; black and white warbler, nests; blue yellow-backed warbler; Cape May warbler; summer yellowbird, nests; myrtle warbler; magnolia warbler; chestnut-sided warbler; bay-breasted warbler; blackpoll warbler; blackburnian warbler; yellowthroat; bluewinged warbler; Canadian warbler; redstart, nests on White House grounds; catbird, nests on White House grounds; Carolina wren; creeper; white-breasted nuthatch; tufted tit, nests on White House grounds; chickadee; golden-crowned kinglet; ruby-crowned kinglet; wood thrush, nests on White House grounds; bluebird; robin, nests on White House grounds."

When the Roosevelt children were away on vacation the President found time to write to them of a "large blue macaw who lives in the greenhouse, and is very friendly, but makes queer noises," and "eats bread, potatoes, and coffee grounds," and of an eagle and an owl sent to the White House and shipped from there to the Zoo. And he didn't forget "the little birds in the nest in the vines on the garden fence," whose "mother still feeds them," although "they are nearly grown up."



Photo by Walter Pack

*South view of the White House, showing fountains and trees—an inviting fairyland for birds*

\*Drawings from "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers.

# LAFITTE—PIRATE AND PATRIOT

HAS anyone ever told you that the fact that the "Stars and Stripes" float over the Mississippi Valley today is largely due to the patriotism of a pirate named Jean Lafitte? The word pirate conjures up a picture of a walk-the-plank bandit, a red handkerchief around his head and a revolver or a knife in each hand. But this picture does not suit Jean Lafitte. A tall, handsome gallant with polished manners was this pirate as he strolled through the streets of New Orleans a hundred years ago. A bottle-green coat, white leather knee-breeches, highly polished Hessian boots, and a tricornered hat made up his attire. People knew little about him, but it was rumored that his father was a great French nobleman.

In 1808 Congress passed a law forbidding the importing of slaves into the United States. Jean Lafitte and others found the passing of this law a veritable gold mine. They slipped into Cuba, bought slaves at a low figure and smuggled them into the United States where they were sold for many times their original price. The ships that brought the slaves to Cuba were poorly manned and easy to capture, and soon the smugglers turned pirates with Jean Lafitte their leader.

He grew so powerful that he built a fort along the shores of Barataria Bay, twenty-five miles south of New Orleans, and became master of a dozen armed boats. The United States Government tried to break his power but was so involved in disputes with England that only half-hearted expeditions were sent against the buccaneers. The trouble with England culminated in the War of 1812.

In the summer of 1814 the British, unsuccessful in their attempts to invade the United States from the north, planned to enter through Louisiana. The British armada, with its fifty warships and more than a thousand mounted guns, was sent to convoy eight thousand soldiers to America. On reaching the Gulf of Mexico they dispatched a brig with a message to "Mr." Lafitte. It was an exceptional offer the British made this famous pirate: thirty thousand dollars in cash, a captaincy in the British Navy, and an honored name if he would enlist with his men under their colors and assist in the invasion of the United States. Now Lafitte was neither an American by birth nor by naturalization and moreover the United States Government had placed a price upon his head. It would seem

By Louise Franklin Bache

Drawing by Henry C. Pitz

that he had everything to gain by the British offer and nothing to lose. But, though Lafitte had defied the laws of the United

States, he loved it and believed in its future. He refused the British offer with scant courtesy and hurrying to New Orleans walked, unexpected and unannounced, into the office of Governor Claiborne, who had offered rewards for his capture, and to the utter astonishment of the good Governor tendered his services and those of his men to the United States Government.

General Jackson turned the famous battle of New Orleans into victory for the United States, and ended the War of 1812. And the man who helped to make this victory possible, who threw in his strength at the place where the Americans were weakest, was the pirate Jean Lafitte. A few weeks later the President of the United States granted a full pardon to the inhabitants of Barataria Bay with these words:

"Offenders who have refused to become the associates of the enemy in war upon the most seducing terms of invitation, and who have aided to repel his hostile invasion of the territory of the United States, can no longer be considered as objects of punishment, but as objects of generous forgiveness."

At Barataria Bay, where the old fort used to stand, there flourishes a little town called "Lafitte," after the pirate who turned patriot.

There is one school in this

town whose students are all members of the Junior Red Cross. Recently they sent to the boys and girls of France a large box of toys they had made themselves. There were dolls with corn-cob bodies; rings and bracelets woven from palmetto leaves; handmade handkerchiefs; pipes from sugar canes and small wooden boats like the big ones the pirates used. Each gift was made from materials obtainable without purchase, for there is little money in "Lafitte" today. Last of all into the box went dozens of small American flags. "We want the French children to see the wonderful flag that their countryman helped to save," wrote the boys and girls of the Lafitte schoolhouse.



"If you could have seen him as he strolled through the streets of New Orleans. . . ."



*A Russian relief train. Junior girls are asked to make clothes for needy Russian, Austrian, and Polish children throughout the year*

## SOMETHING TO DO IN SUMMER

WITH all the variety of things to do in summer, Juniors should not forget that the work they have begun for children in foreign lands goes on in summer as in winter, and that out of the proceeds of summer money-earning enterprises a portion might well be used expressly for the National Children's Fund for the continuance of the foreign work next year.

Organize your agricultural and home economics clubs before school closes. Instructions may be obtained from your county agricultural agents or home demonstration agent, or by mail from the State College of Agriculture.

Boys and girls in the corn clubs scientifically grow an acre or half acre of corn; the pig club members raise their thoroughbred pigs; the girls of the canning clubs at the end of the summer have rows of shining jars of fruit and vegetables. In these projects sound business principles are applied and a profit made. A portion of this profit may be set aside for the Junior Red Cross fund in the fall.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS has published a number of plays which are easily produced. The tableaux of the pageant "The Court of Service" may be given in their entirety or as single episodes. Small entrance fees may be charged for these performances, and used for the Junior fund.

By caddying on golf links, selling newspapers and magazines, making ice-cream, raising rabbits, weeding gardens, mowing and sprinkling lawns, a boy can make money in summer. If he explains that the pay is for the Junior Red Cross fund, he will find it easy to earn.

Girls can organize sewing circles and sew for Russian, Polish, and Austrian babies. Sacques are made of any soft woolen material in kimono style, fastening in the front with pieces of tape. Shawls are made of 27-inch outing flannel cut in yard lengths. Bonnets are cut 10 inches square, folded lengthwise through the center, stitched across ends; the rough edges sewed together to make the back, and tape at front corners for ties. Your Red Cross chapter will forward garments, charges prepaid, to the American Red Cross, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, New York.

Here is an idea for school correspondence! Jan of Prague visited a battleground, and discovered a coin dated 1760. When school opened Jan's class wrote a letter to America; Jan mounted the coin in a piece of wood, decorating it with the Czecho-Slovakian flag; pine cones, painted green, were placed on wood, making trees; post-cards were used to illustrate the letter, and the collection was sent to America. Why not collect souvenirs to add interest to the letters your class will write to foreign boys and girls this fall?





*Mr. Longfellow, Field Representative, American Red Cross Life-Saving Corps, and two Junior life-savers demonstrating a water rescue. (Right) School-boys of Buffalo as they appeared in a Red Cross swimming and life-saving class*

**S**WIMMING is ninety-nine per cent confidence and one per cent experience. While a person fears the water, he cannot learn to swim—his faculties are not under control, and he is at a great disadvantage. His fear is like a millstone around his neck. With fear conquered, a boy or girl, or any person of average intelligence, can be taught by an expert to swim in half an hour.

Now, conquering fear and being foolhardy are two very different things. Foolhardy persons go in for canoeing actively before learning to swim, or, sometimes, after learning to swim a little, ignore the life-guard's warnings or the warnings of good common sense about venturing too far into deep or treacherous waters. To conquer fear, you get acquainted with the water—learn its tricks and demands, and how to master them. Man has a God-given dominion over the water, as well as over other things.

The first step in becoming at home in the water is to go in about waist deep and, after taking a breath and holding it, to put your face under. You might open your eyes, if the water is clean, and look around. You haven't really got acquainted with the water until you thus meet it face to face. After that, while learning strokes you will not be frightened by getting your face wet, or by your head becoming submerged a bit as you first strike out. It is really an important move in gaining the confidence so essential to swimming for you to wet the face in this fashion!

I know of no outdoor recreation that provides quite so much fun as water sports; and my advice to the young people of America is to get the fundamentals first; learn to swim and breathe properly—crawl if you want to swim fast, then learn the side-stroke, the breast-stroke, and the back-stroke, before you call

# Conquer Fear —and Swim

By Wilbert E. Longfellow

Now God be thanked who has matched  
us with His hour.  
And caught our youth and wakened  
us from sleeping.  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and  
sharpened power.  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness  
leaping.

—Rupert Brooke.



yourself a real all-around swimmer. Then take up diving if you care to. But how foolish it is to attempt fancy diving before you can swim a couple of hundred yards with ease! The diver may get into a current that carries him away from the landing and will need a lot of swimming ability.

After that, it is reasonably safe to take up canoeing, rowing, motor-boating, or sailing, but a surprising number of folks have taken up canoeing without being able to swim a stroke. Of all boats a canoe requires the most skill in handling and is the most easily overturned.

Drownings increased during 1921, the statisticians tell us, largely because of the number of non-swimmers who took up boating without having learned to swim. Another factor in these statistics was the number of inefficient swimmers who attempted to rescue drowning persons, and who were clutched and carried down by the one they attempted to save. Life-saving is not intuitive with swimmers. It is the result of training and practice. Every swimmer cannot save life—cannot meet the emergencies of a rescue without preparing for them in advance. That is why every Junior who can swim should take the training and become a Junior Life-Saver of the American Red Cross.

But there are a good many Juniors who do not swim at all!

Note: The American Red Cross has issued a "Teachers' Handbook of First Aid Instruction," outlining two courses on this subject. A certificate is issued on the completion of the courses. The booklet is available at Red Cross Division Headquarters at 25 cents a copy.



One of the youngest war-orphans at "Peetsburgh" Farm School, Fontainebleau, France



Once a home of French Kings, this chateau houses orphans aided by Pittsburgh Juniors



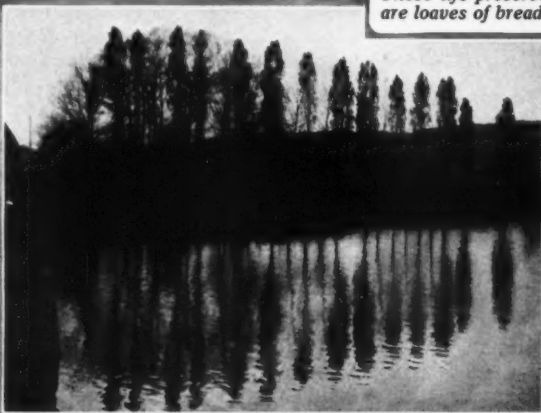
Milk provider of "Peetsburgh" and two of her guardians who study farming



These life-preservers are different! They are loaves of bread served at "Peetsburgh"



The school is for boys, but Marie and her pet appear on the scene



Swiss poplars mirrored in the Seine at Fontainebleau, where sons of French soldiers, killed in the War, learn farming



War orphans at Pittsburgh Farm School helping the cook by preparing vegetables they have raised themselves



# Down on the Farm Called "Peetsburgh"

By John I. Scull

PITTSBURGH, hemmed in by two mighty rivers, glows from a thousand furnaces by night. By day it is wrapped in smoke and steam. There is a clanging of mighty hammers and the vibration of great machines from "the golden triangle" to the "strip." It is a city of vigor and enterprise, sending out the shining steel rails that bind the Atlantic with the Pacific, the steel skeletons that make cities of skyscrapers possible, and the great plates from which ocean-going ships are made.

Through the Junior Red Cross, Pittsburgh has transmitted the thrill of her creative energy to the quiet banks and lush meadows of the Seine. The "Peetsburgh Farm School," as the French boys call it, is the most notable achievement of any group of American Juniors. Since 1918, when the farm was first purchased, the boys and girls of Pittsburgh have contributed to it the imposing sum of \$57,000.

France is a nation of small farmers. Her broad fields without fences are broken up into hundreds of tiny strips, and each strip represents a little farm. At early morning father, mother, and all but the youngest children go out to the fields, for usually the farmers live in small villages, and work patiently until sundown. Each of these little farms is like a garden. The French are adepts at intensive cultivation and they love the soil. In the United States more than half of the population lives in cities. In France about two-thirds of the people are engaged in farming. That is why France is able to raise enough food to feed her entire population instead of depending, like England, on other countries to be fed.

Many of the war orphans of France are eager to learn the newest and most scientific ways of farming. At the Pittsburgh Farm School thirty of them are given the opportunity. Later the school is to be enlarged to care for sixty boys.

In addition to learning about the chemistry of the soil, the proper use of fertilizers, and the care of livestock, the boys are taught the special French methods for preparing the finest fruits for table use. Young fruit trees are carefully trimmed down to a few branches and these are so trained that the tree resembles a many-branched candelabra. The result is that every piece of fruit is exposed



"Hello, Juniors! Glad to meet you!" say these French orphans whose farm school at Fontainebleau was established with the help of school boys and girls of Pittsburgh

to the sun. A similar method is used in raising grapes for the table. The vines are trained so that they may ripen equally well on all sides. Both grapes and fruit are plucked before they are quite ripe and then placed in dark cellars until they are ready to ship to the nearby Paris market.

The boys live in a wonderful old chateau which was built by Henry IV, the gallant Henry of Navarre. Henry endeared himself to his peasants by the oft-quoted remark, "I wish that every man in my kingdom should have a plump chicken to put in the pot on Sunday." He tried by wise government and reasonable taxation to make the farmers prosperous and contented. It is a thrilling thought for the boys as they work at the grapevines along the hillside to recall that the great royal patron of farming once trod those same garden walks.

Holidays and Sundays are sources of never-ending delight for the boys of the school. Near at hand is the vast forest of Fontainebleau which was once a hunting preserve for the kings of France, and in the village of Fontainebleau is the magnificent castle built by Francis I. Henry IV lived there in the 16th century, and later the great Napoleon. Now it is a great national museum.

Hikes in the forest and swims in the Seine bring abundant health to these boys whose lives were so upset by the World War. Their minds are stimulated by the historic atmosphere in which they live. Their hearts are stirred and their imagination quickened by the thought that it is the boys and girls of far-away Pittsburgh who have made all this possible for them.

## CLOUDS

Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,  
The inner half of every cloud  
Is bright and shining;  
I therefore turn my clouds about,  
And always wear them inside out  
To show the lining.

—Ellen Thornycroft Fowler.

# JUNIOR RED CROSS

## NEWS

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No. 9

### National Officers of the American Red Cross.

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ARTHUR WILLIAM DUNN.....National Director, Junior Red Cross

*Build the ideals of the Junior Red Cross into the lives of one generation of American children and the end of war will be in sight; and there will be in one decade more progress in the refining and ennobling arts of peace than the world has yet seen in any three generations of men.*

—Miss Charl Williams, President of the National Education Association.

**Signs of Good Will** appear in many quarters as a result of the continued activity of the Junior Red Cross, at home and abroad. Three Junior Red Cross publications have appeared in foreign countries since the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS of the United States of America was first issued three years ago. The latest is *The Red Cross Junior* of Canada. There is a *Junior Red Cross News* of Czecho-Slovakia and a *Junior Red Cross Record* of Australia. Steps have been taken to issue similar publications in other countries.

**Something Lost—and Found** When a representative of American Juniors left Montenegro, several months ago, after aiding in the establishment of orphanages and schools, she received a letter, addressed to her as "Our dearest sister," which said:

"As you are going far away from us, I, in the name of all the children in the Podgoritz Home School, offer to you our hearts full of thanks because we have found in you what we have lost in our fathers and mothers.

"We also want to thank our brothers and sisters in America. All that they have done for us we will never forget!"

**Make Money Serve** is the substance of a little article written for JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS by Desirée Mittelstaedt, who is ten and a half years old, and is in the sixth grade at the Kenilworth School, Ridgewood, New

Jersey. Writing on "Why Every Child Should Have a Bank Account," she says:

"I know a little girl whose daddy started her a bank account when she was six months old. Now she is ten years old and she now has three bank accounts.

"When the war broke out she bought Liberty bonds. She bought some of the first loan, some of the second loan, some of the third loan and some of the fourth loan. She also bought war savings stamps for three years.

"If necessary, when it is time for her college education, she will be able to pay for it. If not that, she will be able to help her mother and father if they need any help.

"Then if her money is not needed for anything else she can give her money to the government if it calls for help again. Or if anyone else in the family should need any money she could give it to them. I think that she is a very generous little girl because she told me this. That shows that every child should have a bank account."

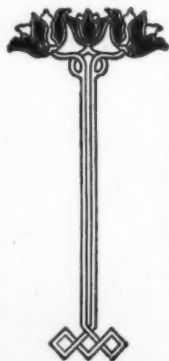
### Noteworthy Days of the Month

May 1, 1878—Rufus Gilbert invented elevated railroad.  
May 2, 1913—U. S. recognized Republic of China.  
May 4, 1796—Horace Mann, great educator, born.  
May 4, 1780—John J. Audubon, bird protector, born.  
May 6, 1851—Gorrie patented ice-making machine.  
May 12, 1820—Florence Nightingale, born.  
May 13, . . . —American Indian Day (second Saturday).  
May 13, 1888—Slavery abolished in Brazil.  
May 14, . . . —Mothers' Day (second Sunday in May).  
May 14, 1265—Dante was born.  
May 15, 1918—U. S. inaugurated air mail service.  
May 21, 1881—American Red Cross was founded.  
May 25, 1803—Ralph Waldo Emerson was born.  
May 30, 1868—Memorial Day.  
May 31, 1819—Walt Whitman was born.

### Bird Song

The robin sings of willow-buds,  
Of snowflakes on the green;  
The bluebird sings of Mayflowers,  
The crackling leaves between.  
The veery has a thousand tales  
To sing to girl and boy;  
But the oriole, the oriole,  
Sings "Joy! joy! joy!"

—Laura E. Richards.



### TRUE RICHES

Rich I am if, when I pass  
'Mid the daisies on the grass,  
Every daisy in my sight  
Seems a jewel of delight!  
Rich am I if I can see  
Treasure in the flower and tree,  
And can hear 'mid forest leaves  
Music in the summer eves;  
And I feel in every mood  
That life is fair and God is good.

—Anonymous.

# "CARRY ON" IN VACATION!

By Arthur William Dunn

National Director, Junior Red Cross



**W**HAT AMERICANS start, they usually finish. This will surely be true of the work started, and successfully carried so far, by Young Americans in the Junior Red Cross.

This is the last issue of the *News* before the closing of schools for the long summer vacation. Before the next issue appears in September, plans for the Junior foreign program for the year following July 1, 1922, will have been completed and put into operation. Although the members of the Junior Red Cross will enjoy a respite from their school duties during the summer months, the Junior Red Cross as an organization knows no vacation, especially in its foreign work.

It is hoped that no Junior in America will entirely forget, during the summer holiday, the work that his organization is doing, or lose active interest in it. On page 134 of this magazine is a list called "Something to Do in Summer." This list is only suggestive. Opportunities for the exercise of the Red Cross spirit of service readily appear to all who watch for them.

This, however, is a special appeal to Juniors to have a thought during the summer for the continuance in foreign lands of the work that they have so far supported. By it, thousands of European children have been given a new start in life. But the work begun is only partly finished. If by any chance the Juniors of America should cease to give their support, the work in Europe would stop, and not even the money already spent there would bring its full returns.

All that is needed to insure the successful continuance of the Junior foreign program, is that each Junior shall, by some little saving, or by some little enterprise for earning money, lay aside a small amount, even if no more than ten cents, to put into the National Children's Fund when school again opens in the fall. Shall we not lay plans for this before school closes this spring? Upon this depends the maintenance of the National Children's Fund, and the happiness of thousands of grateful friends across the sea. "The falling short of one may mean disaster to many."

## LITTLE LIFTS BY AMERICAN JUNIORS

**T**HE school children of Des Moines, Iowa, have again given evidence of their active support of Junior Red Cross purposes by agreeing to contribute at least \$5,000 to the National Children's Fund, to be devoted to the Tirana Vocational School in Albania. Last year they contributed \$10,000.

A shipment of 222 chairs and 74 large tables for furnishing schools in the devastated region of France was made recently by the Juniors of the Boston Public Schools, and a second large shipment will be made before the closing of the schools in June.

Boys and girls who attend the North China American School at Peking have formed a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary.

Lebanon, Missouri, Juniors have set aside a fund from which to purchase shoes for poor children. They also collect cast-off garments which are made over into complete outfits for the needy.

Juniors of Fayette County, Pennsylvania, have organized two traveling libraries for rural schools. The cases were made by the manual training class and the books purchased from the Junior Service Fund.



*Even in outlying islands of the Philippines the Red Cross and the Junior Red Cross are organized into chapters and auxiliaries*

Poplar Grove School Juniors, Tipton County, Tennessee, collected school books for a family of children who could not attend school because they had no textbooks. Munford School Juniors in the same county purchased pictures for the classrooms.





*With a thrill of excitement  
Abdullah, the Bedouin boy,  
recognized the American*

# ABDULLAH DIAB

By Anna Milo Upjohn

With Charcoal Drawings by the Author

before him. Near the Mosque men were filling goatskins with drinking water from an ancient well. Drinking water being scarce in Jerusalem, they sold it in the city.

There is an old proverb which said that Jerusalem would remain in the hands of the Turks until the waters of the Nile flowed through it—which seemed safe enough! But when General Allenby came up from Egypt during the Great War, he piped the waters of the Nile for his army as he went along. When he reached Jerusalem and took it, he carried the water through the city and today it forms a part of the regular supply. So the prophecy was fulfilled!

A group waited their turn for foot washing at the great fountain, gossiping in the shadow of the cypress trees. Abdullah dipped his feet, left his sandals on the threshold and entered the rich gloom of the Mosque. Around him glowed windows like jeweled carpets and before him lay the great, clean, creamy-white rock, sacred to all Mohammedans. It was the same over which the temple of Solomon had once stood. This he did not know, nor that it had been a sacred spot long before Solomon's time, but he walked around it with awe, for in his mind it was second in sanctity only to the Rock of Mecca.

When the panniers were full he washed his feet in the Brook Kedron, put on his sandals and turned the laden donkey toward the upward path which struggled out of shadow toward the towering mass of gray wall above it. At the end of the stony, twisted route a scoop of black shadow marked the vault of a gateway in the wall. Toward this the two toiled slowly. Women with baskets or jars on their heads gleamed in the sunshine as they emerged from the shadow.

Inside the walls ran a maze of twilight, tunneled streets, broken by patches of golden light. Through them surged a flood of traffic. Camels stalking disdainfully between the crowded booths, businesslike donkeys shouldering their way, shouting Arabs peddling water or sweets, and on all sides burned a mass of color—camel bags, red pottery, fruit and vegetables, bright handkerchiefs, and embroidered shoes. When Abdullah had disposed of his cauliflowers he tethered his donkey in the Street of David and slipped through narrow passageways until he reached the opening of the great court around the Dome of the Rock. Here all was peace. There was the balmy scent of cypresses sleeping in the sun. Pigeons drifted across the blue and the sumptuous tiles of the Mosque lay in cool shadow. Close to the gateway a barber had spread his mat and was shaving a man who squatted, turbanless,

Back in the tangled streets in search of his donkey Abdullah saw a crowd of people gathered about a doorway. With a thrill of excitement he recognized an American woman who had made a drawing of his head the day before. How he regretted that he had not asked her to address a letter to his brother who had just gone to Chicago! It was not too late. He darted away and returned with a package of envelopes. A Syrian in a nearby booth could speak a little English, having been in New York. Enlisting him as interpreter, Abdullah approached the foreign woman who stood unveiled in the midst of the crowd pushing all about her. She recognized him and smiled.

Through the Syrian, Abdullah made his request—Would she address the envelopes?—all of them?—then he could write in Arabic for a year or more to his brother and be sure of his getting the letters. The written address was carefully unfolded. Entranced, Abdullah watched the progress of the wonderful pen which carried its ink-pot within it. And all the throng watched breathlessly with him until the last envelope had been addressed. Abdullah fumbled in the folds of his garment and brought out a little charm, a rose carved in mother-of-pearl. "Baksheesh!" he said, a white smile flashing across his brown face, as he pressed the rose into the foreign hand. And then, with his envelopes, he disappeared and became a mere spot of color in the Street of David.



Group near Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem, where Solomon's temple stood



Woman, with candle, hunting for coin, as in Bible parable. Coin-headress is her dowry



Scene in Jerusalem. What is not carried on camels and donkeys is borne on the head



Girl in Bethlehem costume



Men filling goatskins with water from a well in the Haram Esh-Sherif, Jerusalem

"Close to the gateway a barber had spread his mat"



"No," she said, with a chuckle; "just li'l Gipsy!"

# THE ONION PRINCESS

By Elsie Graves Benedict

THE DINNER BELL clanged through the Junior American Red Cross Home School in Podgoritz and forty healthy youngsters formed in line for the joyous march to the dining room. But something was lacking.

"Where's Princess?" called a dozen impatient voices. "She's late!"

As the charming four-year-old whose aristocratic ways had won her this title was the leader of the line, her non-appearance was a serious thing to the hungry young folks. Suddenly she appeared. She didn't look much like the bejeweled, silk-clad, *fairy-book* princesses, this chubby little girl in the rolled-up sweater and stubby shoes. But there was something truly royal in her calm ignoring of her playmates' accusing glares as she took her place. At the table Princess displayed a very languid appetite and the teacher who bent over to question her discovered that the royal lady was perfumed by a most unroyal odor of raw onions!

The next day, all was as before; and the next, and the next. Princess was late for dinner, she had no appetite, and the trail of the raw onion was over all the royal activities. The cook emphatically denied supplying the onions, and Princess herself replied to all questions with a charming, mysterious smile.

Investigation followed, and Princess was discovered in a far corner of the old garden, rooting up forgotten onion bulbs. Some she immediately washed and ate; others she rolled in the bottom of her sweater for future use.

"What!" exclaimed the Directress, "An onion princess?"

"No," replied Her Highness, with a delightful chuckle; "just li'l Gipsy!"

## WITH JUNIORS OF OTHER LANDS

THE inauguration of the Junior Red Cross of Caracas, Venezuela, South America, took place in the gardens of the School of Arts and Trades for Men, on Monday, December 12, 1921. This organization, says the Venezuelan paper *Actualidades*, will be of great advantage in training the future generations, as the charitable sentiments which govern all the acts of the Red Cross will be taught from earliest youth; and it is confidently hoped that this association will have excellent results, as the members are well directed.

Sixty-five American children in Constantinople and its immediate vicinity have been enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. Practically all have joined and eventually it is hoped that the children who are living in the outlying districts will also become members.

Juniors of Quaker's Hill Public School, New South Wales, collected large parcels of magazines and books for the Book Depot, which distributes them to hospitals.

The Czech Juniors are carrying on an extensive program for the benefit of Russian children. From September 15 to December 15, 1921, nearly 2,000 schools sewed, knitted, gave plays, marionette shows, etc., and raised a fund of money, contributed 52 packing cases of new and 35 cases of worn clothes, and found 505 homes in Czecho-Slovakia for Russian boys and girls.



Juniors of Pilsen, Czecho-Slovakia, in a picturesque handkerchief drill. The caps with the wide bows are distinctive of the Pilsen headdress, while the tight embroidered cap is part of the Slovak national costume



# Jimmy to the Scarecrow

By Austin Cunningham

I used to be afraid o' you,  
When I was very small—  
You looked so big and terrible,  
So wild, and mean, and all—

Your ragged coat would flap about,  
Your face had such a leer  
That ev'ry time I came outdoors  
You made me shake with fear.

But now I know you're full o' hay!  
The wise birds seem to wink—  
They know with me you're just a sham  
And cannot move or think.

And Dad says there are lots o' things  
In life that seem like you—  
They cannot move or think, but still  
They scare us nearly blue!

So what's the use, I'd like to know,  
O' running like a cat,  
Or shaking in your boots at all  
When this appears, or that?

They're only scarecrows that we see,  
And though they line the way,  
Just keep in mind—and don't forget—  
They're always stuffed with hay!



Drawings by J. R. Shaver

## BOOKS MAKE FRIENDS IN ST. MIHIEL

AS I sat in the library of the old convent in St. Mihiel and pasted in books a little name plate saying that they are a gift from the American Junior Red Cross, I would hear a rat scurrying across the floors, then a bit of plaster would fall from ceilings which in some parts were hanging by a thread. From a huge shot hole opening into the church itself would come the sound of an organ. The wind rattled through the oiled-paper windows, and I was a happy woman when a school-room became vacant, and the Mayor gave the room for the Junior Red Cross library.

I shall never forget one picture in St. Mihiel. There was no light in the old ruined room where the boys and girls had been gathered so happily all day. But in going through the dusk I saw the white apron of a little orphan boy dash out from the orphanage. "Oh, Mees," he said breathlessly, "is it

By Una Fairweather

too late? Oh, it was so beautiful. Oh, it was a book about Lily. She went to Paris. She went on a boat." The tale went on, his voice cracking with excitement. The boy had lost father and mother during the occupation, and I think he had found in Lily and her fiction journey his first companion into the land of fantasy and beauty.

Could anyone have done less than return up the stairs and, with a lighted candle, find him another fairy story?

People for miles around in little villages far off on the hillsides, whose fields are being reclaimed slowly from

the chalky strata to which they were blown, ask if they cannot have books.

There can be no doubt that the libraries established by American Juniors in St.

Mihiel, Sivry-sur-Meuse, Fresne-en-Woevre, Busy, and Etain form a vital link between the young people of both nations.



"Oh, Mees! It was a book about Lily. She went to Paris."

# The Editor's Letter to You!

DEAR JUNIORS:

There is a growing number of grown persons in the world today who, after years and years of devotion to business, and other so-called gainful pursuits, are reaching the conclusion that in the degree that they have *not* been helping others they have been wasting their time. Organizations of men and women are springing up all over the world to promote the ideal of "service above self," and the spirit of the movement is finding expression in the daily lives of the individuals.

But you Juniors have begun early! You are starting out from the point of vantage reached by many persons only after years of trial and struggle, and, perhaps, much unhappiness. There is cause for you to rejoice, therefore, over learning this truth about life in your youth—that it is impossible for you to live for yourselves alone and be either happy or truly successful.

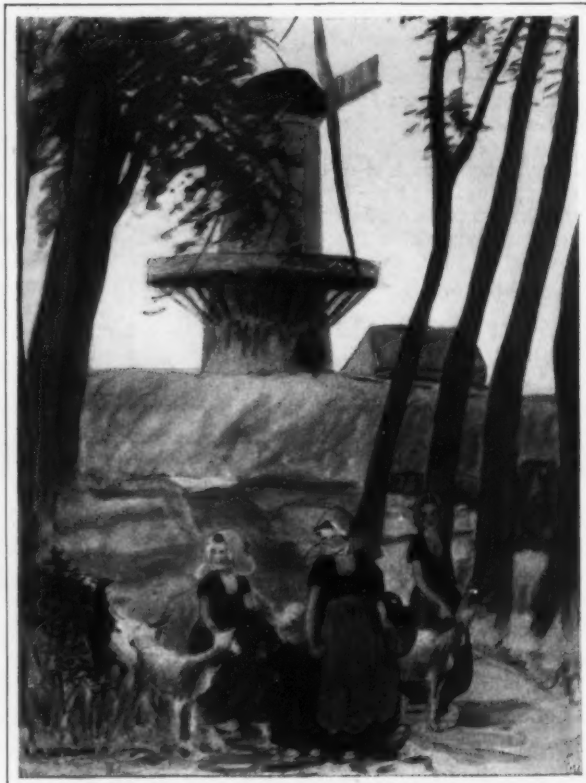
Is it not agreeable to bear in mind while you are engaged in some line of thrift, for example, that both your creative work and what you earn for it have been dedicated by you in advance to *service*—to the benefit of someone besides yourselves? You are preparing yourselves for greater service by being of service along the way. Your Junior Red Cross is a rallying league for unselfish service—something girls and boys can *belong* to, that has world-wide connections—is linked up with similarly planned organizations in many countries. Its influence and power for good should be reflected in the daily lives of millions and millions of boys and girls.

You may have heard it said, by persons not very kindly disposed, that a school girl or boy, at graduating time, is "ready to set the world on fire!" Do you know that those boys and girls who are quickened by the spirit of unselfish service for which the Junior Red Cross stands, are nearer ready to "set the world on fire" than those who have not been! They will be able to make bonfires of chaff—of heaps of the chaff of

selfishness which, like the dead leaves of the winter past, need to be burned to make way for sprouting green blades of unselfishness—the countless little acts of service which Juniors think up and do for others. Some day you will wake up to the realization that you are being more genuinely *educated* because you are learning to think always in terms of others.

There are helpful suggestions for future activities running through the pages of this News and, on page

139, an especially important message for you from the National Director of the Junior Red Cross about Junior work in foreign lands. Incidentally, you will find in this NEWS an invitation to the Great School of the Outdoors! The enjoyment of this big school will be increased by helping to preserve its beauty and to keep little creatures in it happy. Read the articles on the wild flowers that have been almost destroyed in the haunts of man and about the birds and small animals in which Theodore Roosevelt was interested. There is a swimming article by an expert that every boy and girl should read. You will be serving, certainly, if you learn to swim well enough to carry a helpless person in the water.



From a water color by Anna Milo Upjohn

*Maytime in Holland*

There is no halt in true education merely because a vacation period happens along! S. R. Oldham writes:

Why stand still  
In a world that goes on forever?  
What is an education  
But the continual expansion  
Of the mind and powers,  
That should go on  
From year to year . . .  
And is it education,  
In school or out,  
Unless it brings to life  
A voice that says,  
"Step out! Step out of self  
And serve your fellow men!"

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.

